

niture that's old? How do I know that somebody ain't sat down on them Louis Quinze chairs before me?"

"Only kings, sir."

"Well, I don't hold by kings," replied the millionaire. "You got to prove them things is what you claim 'em to be." So saying he walked out of the store.

Fifteen thousand profit meant a good deal to the seller. That night he telephoned to Mr. Jumper.

"I have summoned all my agents home by wire. They are bringing the makers," he announced. "The cost will almost beggar me, and I would rather be beggared to prove my honor than make a modest profit and be thought a rogue."

"You bring them makers to swear to their goods, and I'll pay their traveling expenses," replied the rich man. And the dealer's despair changed to elation as he saw his \$15,000 of profit double at a bound.

It was exactly two weeks later when a procession of economically dressed gentlemen called on the millionaire. The dealer, who was at their head, ushered them into Mr. Jumper's completed but empty library.

"This, sir, is Mr. Louis Quinze," he said, introducing a poetical-looking old man, with flowing ringlets white as silver.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Quinze," said Mr. Jumper. "How about them chairs?"

"Made in my workshop in the Rue boulevard, under my personal superintendence, sir, to which I am prepared to affix my affidavit," answered Mr. Quinze. "All my goods are brand new, and positively guaranteed to give satisfaction."

"Mr. Louis Seize," announced the dealer, presenting a middle-aged man in a bottle-green coat and nankeen trousers, who walked with a limp.

"I, Mr. Jumper, am Mr. Seize," said this claimant. "Those tables that you ordered were manufactured by me

in person. Best mahogany, all of it, newly imported from the forests of South America. To that I am prepared to swear before any justice of the peace."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Jumper. "Who are you?" he continued, turning to a dandyish young man in full evening dress, with a large ribbon of several colors in his buttonhole.

"Mr. Sheraton, at your service," answered the young man. "I was instructed to make some rockers to your order. I trust that everything has been satisfactory. As you are aware, the name Sheraton stands for integrity. Our advertising bill each month exceeds ten thousand dollars. My father left me a business of which I have endeavored to show myself worthy. All goods are sold f. o. b., but we take back unsatisfactory pieces and replace them with others."

"Ugh!" said Mr. Jumper, shivering slightly.

"This is Mr. Adam," said the dealer, introducing an elderly patriarch, with flowing hair over his shoulders.

"Yes, and I made your beds. Anything wrong with 'em?" demanded this gentleman.

"Sure you didn't use 'em in Eden?" inquired Mr. Jumper.

"You are pleased to jest," Mr. Adam replied. "I am not the Mr. Adam from Eden, sir, but a totally different personage, I assure you. And my beds have never been occupied."

"Lastly, I present Mr. Mission," said the dealer, bringing forward a rather timid young fellow who showed a disposition to lurk in the background. "Mr. Mission, who gave his name to the excellent period furniture of the day, came from California in order to assure you, Mr. Jumper of the genuine quality of his wares."

Alpheus T. Jumper jumped up and stood on his feet, facing the gang.

"You are the most infernal pack of liars that I have ever seen," he said.

"What do you mean?" stammered the dealer.

"What do I mean? Simply this,